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KEMBLE  
Personation

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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. CXX.

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PERSONATION,

OR,

Fairly Taken In.

A COMIC INTERLUDE,

IN ONE ACT.

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BY

MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE.

AS PERFORMED IN THE LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU-STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.—(PERSONATION.)

—O—

	London.	New-York.	Philadelphia.
	COVENT GARDEN.	BROADWAY.	CHESTNUT ST.
	Original.	Miss Foote's Ben.	1856. 1836.
LORD HENRY	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Connor.
LADY JULIA.	Mrs. C. Kemble.	Miss Foote.	Mrs. Connor.
			Miss Fanny Ternan.

## COSTUMES.

LORD HENRY.—*First Dress*:—As La Roche, drab coat, waistcoat and breeches—boots—hat and band. *Second Dress*:—Fashionable blue suit—white waistcoat—silk stockings—shoes.

LADY JULIA.—*First Dress*:—White muslin—white silk stockings—shoes.—*Second Dress*:—As the French gouvernante: Black silk cloak—high French cap—white hair—ruffles—long gloves—spectacles.—*Third Dress*:—Elegant robe dress of pink satin—ostrich feathers, &c.—*Fourth Dress*:—As the French gouvernante.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

\*.\*The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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# PERSONATION,

OR,

## Fairly Taken In.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment opening into a garden with folding-doors, c. f.—A Table and two Chairs.*

*Enter LADY JULIA with a candle and a letter.*

*Lady J.* My plot is laid, my servants are all disposed of, and I think I cannot fail of success; but let me once more peruse this curious epistle, for on that depends all my future operations. (*Reads*) ‘*My dear Lady Julia—you will, ere this can reach you, be in anxious expectation of receiving your cousin, Lord Henry, to whom you have promised your hand immediately upon his arrival; he is on the point of setting out, and I have to communicate to you the wildest project that ever entered a young man’s brains.*’ A wild project indeed! but I’ll cure him of his fancies when once we are married. (*Reads.*) *Lord Henry considers himself a philosopher; to doubt is to be wise according to his creed; and eager to discover whether three years’ absence have made any alteration in your manners and sentiments, he means to present himself to you under the character and disguise of his travelling servant, La Roche. I thought it a pity that you should be taken by surprise, and have therefore said thus much to put you upon your guard—your own discretion.*’—Well, this is all to the purpose; so then, I am to be taken by surprise? to be detected, found out—but I am much mistaken, if the biter will not be bit; the moment draws near when I expect him; my first plan is to overwhelm him with my coolness, my indifference.—

*Lord H. (without l.)* C’est bon! c’est bon!

*Lady J. (looking out, l.)* Ah, here he is, and sure enough disguised as his servant, La Roche.

*Enter LORD HENRY, L., running.*

*Lord H.* Euf in ma foi. (*Stopping short.*) Milles pardons, mi ladi. [*Bowing with great respect.*]

*Lady J.* Whom do you seek, friend?

*Lord H.* Excuse me, madame, I am mi lor Henry's most humble servant. I arrive only dis moment.

*Lady J.* With Lord Henry?

*Lord H.* Helas non, madame; he was fly on de ving of Cupid to trow him at your knee, but his diable de brisk turn over.

*Lady J.* (*With indifference.*) Overturned?

*Lord H.* Overturn—fracasse! all broke en leetel bit, comme ca. [*Showing the top of his thumb.*]

*Lady J.* Broken to pieces!

*Lord H.* En thousand piece! so madame malgre, spite of his urrey to kiss de vite hand of mi ladi, he could no come further den de village vere de accident happen.

*Lady J.* (*Aside.*) His lordship tells a lie with a tolerable grace for a philosopher.

*Lord H.* (*Aside.*) She does not seem much moved at the accident, for a bride.

*Lady J.* And so, Lord Henry—bless me, how cool the evenings are growing—Lord Henry will be detained some days longer at the village?

*Lord H.* Vraiment, mi ladi, I am ignorant. (*Aside.*) How she freezes me!

*Lady J.* He must have received a great shock?

*Lord H.* (*Emphatically.*) Very great shock indeed, mi ladi.

*Lady J.* I hope he feels no other inconvenience from his present situation?

*Lord H.* Non, madame, he will soon be cured of his wound.

*Lady J.* Oh, he is wounded, is he? oh then, one had better send—

*Lord H.* Do not derange you, mi ladi, he vill get de better of his wound, be you sure.

*Lady J.* Are you certain that his head is sound?

*Lord H.* Madame!

*Lady J.* Madame! I say, are you certain that his head is sound?



*Lord H.* Pres certain, 'tis very sound. I will answer for that.

*Lady J.* Will you? that's more than I will; well, friend, return to your master, and tell him—

*Lord H.* I should be enchante to obey de commands of mi ladi, but mon maitre order me to wait him here.

*Lady J.* To wait for him here! that's very awkward, for I am going to a fete at a neighboring villa, and I have promised to take all my servants with me—how unfortunate! however, I dare say we shall be able to find some hole or corner to poke you and your master into. I'll send my French housekeeper to you. I declare I am so shocked at this accident, that I shall not have spirits to dance or to sing, or to do anything; you'll tell your master how affected I am. *[Sings and exit L.]*

*Lord H.* *(Bowing very low till she is out of sight and hearing.)* Lady Julia, Lady Julia! false, faithless woman! well, well, well. I had judged solidly of this frothy moiety of the human race—to doubt is to be wise—conviction follows: but for this disguise, I should have made a fine fool of myself here, since I have made so good a beginning; faithful to my project, let me see it to an end. I'll watch my lady fair narrowly, interrogate this French housekeeper whom she is sending to me, probe her to the quick, and by hook or by crook, La Roche may find out what Lord Henry might have discovered too late.

*Re-enter LADY JULIA, R., disguised as a French Gouvernante.*

*Lady J.* Ah, sir! you are here—mi ladi has just given order and direction for your account, and I come to execute dem wid all proper degree of promptitude and alacrite! and to express to you, sir, how very sincerely I feel de greatest pleasure and satisfaction in performing de office and functions of my post, my avocations.

*Lord H.* *(Aside.)* There's a whirlwind! *(To her.)* Oh! my heart is penetre with your goodness, madame.

*Lady J.* Madame! ah, give me leave to tell you, sir, that you bestow upon me un appellation which min pride, min modestie—

*Lord H.* Oh, mademoiselle! pardonnez me, miss.

*Lady J.* Yes, sir—miss, miss, I am miss; but it has only depend upon minself to become intitl'd to madame; but de modes-

tie, which belongs to min sex, to min countrie, particularly—in short, sir, I am single and very much at your service; but I stand here chatter like a little child and I forget dat monsieur a besoin de refraishment after dis journey.

*Lord H.* Oh, mam'selle it is sufficient refraishment to see your beauty face.

*Lady J.* Ah, very, pretty indeed! will you sit down? (*Chairs brought down by LORD HENRY, much ceremony in sitting.*) Monsieur La Roche, between ourself, do you think dis marriage between mi lor and mi ladi will take place, eh?

*Lord H.* Certainment.

*Lady J.* I taught so once, mais—

*Lord H.* (*With great earnestness.*) Mais what?

*Lady J.* One see so many tings, dat one is sorry to see—tant de dissimulation—

*Lord H.* En verite

*Lady J.* Monsieur La Roche, je ne me mele jamais des affaires autres—I never trouble me vid the business dat does not concern minself, but you have inspired me wid a friendship—

*Lord H.* Ah!

*Lady J.* Wid a consideration—

*Lord H.* Ah!

*Lady J.* Wid—you understand—and I must tell you, dat mi ladi expect dis very night—

*Lord H.* (*Very eagerly.*) A lovoir :

*Lady J.* Alles donc! alles donc! you know very well what a young lady expect.

*Lord H.* (*Aside.*) The devil!

*Lady J.* He comes here disguise—

*Lord H.* In disguise?

*Lady J.* Oui, disguise! no greater caution was taught necessary wid a servant.

*Lord H.* (*Rising.*) Pertidious woman

*Lady J.* What is de matter, eh, min dear?

*Lord H.* Noting, noting—(*aside.*) did not think greater caution was necessary wid a servant.

*Lady J.* Eh, mine dear, if my spectacle does not deceive me, vous est pale, you are pale.

*Lord H.* Pale, pale! no I see, I see.

[*Paces.*

*Lady J.* Eh, what do you see?



*Lord H.* I see mi lor coming dis way, and I must obey, vous de la ; out of the way, you old devil. [Exit L.]

*Lady J. (laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha ! my cousin has forgotten his French before the end of his first scene ! These men, with what phantoms they torment themselves ! yet I own I thought this cousin of mine more wise, than complaisantly to come and teach me how far I might deceive a jealous husband ; and these are the lords of the creation ! the Lord help us poor women !

*Lord H. (Without L., speaking in his natural voice.)* Let the rest of the servants return to the inn. (*As La Roche.*) Oui, my lord. (*As Lord H.*) I may want your assistance.

*Lady J.* 'Tis very like you may.

*Enter LORD HENRY, elegantly dressed, L.*

*Lord H.* Good woman, do you belong to this house ?

*Lady J.* Yes, sir, mi ladi bring me from Paris, just two year, three month, five day.

*Lord H.* A truce to dates—I am Lord Henry.

*Lady J.* Ah my lor ! (*Curtseys with great respect.*)

*Lord H.* Be quick, and announce me to your lady—is she in the house ?

*Lady J.* Oui, mi lor, dat s to say, non.

*Lord H.* Yes—no—

*Lady J.* Ah, she was on de point to go to a grand chateau, to make a visit—but now my lor is arrived, I don't know how far she may—

*Lord H.* Furies ! without tormenting me any longer, go and see, then.

*Lady J. (Going, recollects herself and returns.)* Mi lor, I have de honor to be, wid de greatest respect imaginable, votres tres humble, tres obeissante.

*Lord H.* Go to the devil.

*Lady J.* Oh, certainly, my lor (*Exit, R.*)

*Lord H.* So, so, so ! it was not thought necessary to use greater precaution with a servant ; well, we shall see whether the master is to be treated with the same audacity. Oh ! thou happy and fertile invention of mine, how much have I to thank thee for ! we shall see this cautious rival, who takes so much pains to disguise himself—the coward ! and Lady Julia to have a regard for such a fellow ! but my arrival must be announced by this

time—how she will tremble in my presence ! I really pity her—but away with such weakness from my breast. Ah ! she's here.

*Enter LADY JULIA R., dressed for an assembly.*

*Lady J.* Welcome, welcome my dearest Henry, ten thousand welcomes ; this shocking accident of yours, La Roche, no doubt, informed you——

*Lord H. (Sarcastically.)* He did.

*Lady J.* Had he not prevented it, I should have flown, to your assistance ; why, Henry, you are thoughtful ?

*Lord H. (Aside.)* What unparalleled dissimulation !

*Lady J.* For heaven's sake, dispel the cloud that hangs about your brow ; your presence could bring nothing but joy to your Julia—I have been too long a prey to melancholy.

*Lord H.* To melancholy !

*Lady J.* Yes, shut up in this solitude—hark ! don't I hear the sound of a carriage ?

*Lord H.* Some company.

*Lady J.* Yes ; not that I like them, neither will you, but I expect half the world ; there's Lady Rachel Rattlecap—Sir Frederick Pharo—the two Misses Scarecrow—the Countess of Roundabout ; and, last not least in our dear love, the Honorable Edward Eastdale.

*Lord H.* What ! (*Strictly observing her.*) That young fop ! the greatest coxcomb in the country ?

*Lady J.* Speak a little less severely, sir, of a person I esteem.

*Lord H. (Aside.)* That's the man !

*Lady J.* Eastdale has his merit.

*Lord H.* Oh, sublime !

*Lady J.* And, if he came alone, would meet with a very different reception.

*Lord H.* No doubt on't.

*Lady J.* However, to prove to you, that I would owe my happiness to you alone, I will go and endeavor to get rid of these troublesome intruders ; in the meantime, Henry do you take a turn in the little wood—you no doubt remember how its winding walks and fragrant shrubs can lull a lover's anxious mind to pleasing reverie ; go—go—go—to the little wood—to the little wood.

*Exit, R.*

*Lord H.* To the little wood ! there to loiter patiently along

the winding walks, while the perfidious—to the little wood. (*Imitating her.*) Damn the little wood! was ever man so treated by a false, deceitful woman! I will show no more weakness, feel no more regret. What compels me to put up with this outrage, and suffer a trifling coxcomb to rob me with impunity of my earthly happiness? Nothing—I'll give way to the transports of rage that rise within my breast, revenge myself of the ungrateful creature, I'll kill this coxcomb of a rival, or perish by his hand! Yes, and when he is no more, I'll kill him again. (*Looking off R.*)

*Enter LADY JULIA from the garden, c. F. disguised as the Gouvernante, she appears to be on the look-out.*

Lord H. Well, what's the matter?

Lady J. Nothing, nothing.

Lord H. What are you doing there? are you set spy upon me?

Lady J. Mi lor!

Lord H. Do you come to see whether I am in the little wood?

Lady J. Bah, bah, little wood.

Lord H. Nay, no affection, La Roche has told me all.

Lady J. Monsieur La Roche?

Lord H. Yes, yes, I know the projects of Lady Julia—La Roche has told me—and here, take this. (*Gives a purse*) I'll make it worth your while to add to his intelligence; tell all you know, and first what carriage was that?—who were those visitors?

Lady J. Those visiteurs?

Lord H. Ay, this moment tell me—

Lady J. Those visiteurs, as you call dem, are——

Lord H. Who, what are they?

Lady J. They are but only one——

Lord H. But one?

Lady J. One single gentleman is all dat has enter de door dis day.

Lord H. And he, no doubt, is a lover?

Lady J. Ah, he call himself so.

Lord H. Damnation! and this lover, no doubt, is disguised?

Lady J. Non, mi lor, your arrival make a great change, and he is dress—parbleu! he is dress like you.

Lord H. I understand—thrown off all constraint. Well—what have they done with him—where is he, I say?

Lady J. At dis moment? at dis moment he is wid mi ladi.

Lord H. With her ladyship! alone?

*Lady J.* Quite alone, quite alone.

*Lord H.* Furies ! what, you saw her with him ?

*Lady J.* As plain as I see minself wid you.

*Lord H.* Indeed ! and did you see nothing else ?

*Lady J.* Oh, to be sure.

*Lord H.* (*Raising his voice violently.*) What ?

*Lady J.* He was in a grande rage.

*Lord H.* In a rage—and wherefore ?

*Lady J.* Because he had taken it into his head, dat he had got a rival.

*Lord H.* He has—he has—a dangerous rival, and he shall soon feel the whole weight of my resentment.

*Lady J.* Et no poor creature, let him alone, let him alone ; for as I could see, he want it here. [*Pointing to her head.*]

*Lord H.* He's a fool.

*Lady J.* Your lordship knows him, I perceive dat.

*Lord H.* And so her ladyship—

*Lady J.* She seems to be making a jest of him.

*Lord H.* Poor deluded wretch.

*Lady J.* At length fearful of a discovery, she became very anxious to put an end to de interview, and as it is growing dark, dey have agreed to meet again in de little wood, in order I suppose—

*Lord H.* (*Furiously*) To do what ?

*Lady J.* Bah—it is impossible to talk to such a man as dat !

*Lord H.* That a fool—a fop—a coxcomb, should be able to make such rapid progress in her heart as—

*Lady J.* (*Taking the candle*) I can convince you of it.

*Lord H.* Be it so— I take you at your word.

[*Goes hastily and grasps her hand.*]

*Lady J.* Et non, mi lor, you are in too great a passion. (*He shakes her hand, and she drops the candle—stage dark*) Dare now, you are more in de dark dan ever—stay quiet, I will get a candle—mais, si vous ceri, et tempeli—ah, moi foi, c'est impossible !

[*Pretends to go out.*]

*Lord H.* How is it possible to have the least command of my self in this house ? hush, I hear a footstep, I can see nothing—unlucky darkness—however, it conceals me—let me be all attention.

*Lady J.* (*Aside.*) Now to speak in my own person. (*Aloud*) Yes, all things considered, 'twill be the wisest plan ; and every reasonable being will readily excuse me.

*Lord H.* 'Tis Lady Julia, and alone.

*Lady J.* My lot with Lord Henery would have been too deplorable; he is jealous—imperious—proud of his supposed superiority—Eastdale promises me a happier destiny.

*Lord H.* (*Unable to contain himself any longer.*) Ah!

*Lady J.* Who goes there? Eastdale—Eastdale—dear Eastdale, is it you?

*Lord H.* (*Aside.*) Let me take advantage of her error. (*To LADY JULIA.*) Yes, 'tis I.

*Lady J.* You have merited my fullest confidence, and I am your's. Yet I think it necessary to inform you, that till this day I loved this cousin, to whom I was going to be united.

*Lord H.* (*Greatly agitated.*) Lady Julia!

*Lady J.* Experience has shown me my danger, taught me to appreciate your gentle qualities, and you receive, since such you think it, the prize predestined to a rival. The only question now is, how best to dispose of Lord Henry.

*Lord H.* How best to dispose of Lord Henry.

*Lady J.* Yes, I have thought it the wisest way—the most decorous—to present him to you as my husband. I have therefore had this marriage article drawn up. Go—there are lights in the Pavilion—sign the paper, and return with a candle. (*LORD HENRY sighs.*) Why do you sigh?

*Lord H.* Poor Henry!

*Lady J.* Poor fellow!—But we don't think of him now.

*Lord H.* (*Aside—taking the parchment from her.*) What have I lost? wantonly lost! If she knew my feelings at this moment, she might still perhaps—I'll sign, however, and she shall see I have too much honor to take advantage of the error which she herself is in.

[*Goes out upon the terrace, c. f.*]

*Lady J.* So now we draw to a conclusion. Oh, my dear cousin, I'll teach you to plot! Plot, indeed! as if we women were not always better at that sport. (*Looking through the folding doors, c. f.*) By all my hopes, he signs, and without examining the contents! Excellent!

*Enter LORD HENRY, with a candle and the parchment—He throws the paper on the ground, and sits down in great agitation.*

*Lord H.* There—there's the instrument.

*Lady J.* Ah! ma felicite est complete—est complete.

*Lord H.* What voice do I hear?

*Lady J.* That of your wife, min dear. Come, dear, come to these spotless arms.



*Lord H.* Thou infernal old hag! return that fatal instrument immediately, or—  
[*Attempting to snatch it.*]

*Lady J.* Et non, non, non! If your passion will not let me see what one is worth—(*Coughs violently*)—it is only a little cough which takes me in de winter.

*Lord H.* I wish to the Lord it had taken you off. I am a dead man. [*Throwing himself into a chair with his head upon the table.*]

*Lady J.* He is a dead man! I have not seen many such dead man as dat. Ah! let me tell you, Sir, for all de passion you are in, I have got some good blood in my vein.

*Lord H.* Damn your blood!

*Lady J.* And dere was a Miladi in min family, before you make me one. And when I take off dis wire-drawn cap, which conceals tresses, in which, spite of deir silver hue, many an incautious swain has been caught, dat hover too near dem—when I take off dese spectacles, which intercept oder beams dan dose of de sun—when I pull off dese gloves, which cover a hand dat might have blessed even a philosopher—when I take off dese ruffles of two grandmothers and a maiden aunt—

*Lord H.* (*Aside.*) What the devil! is she undressing herself?

*Lady J.* When I untie dis ponderous apron, which would transform a fairy into a duenna—(*Speaking in her own voice and accent,*)—when I draw off this cloak from a bosom which conceals a heart, the truth of which a faithless cousin ought never to be doubted—then, perhaps, he would as readily take Madame la Gouvernante to wife, as Lady Julia herself.

*Lord H.* (*Falling at her feet.*) Lady Julia!

*Lady J.* Your faithful Julia!

*Lord H.* Is it possible? Am I awake?

*Lady J.* Most truly so, and never to dream of jealousy again I hope.

*Lord H.* And—well, well! when I was disguised as La Roche who would have thought—

*Lady J.* 'By the Lord, I knew you, Hal!' and I have my uncle's letters to prove it.

*Lord H.* My angel! if ever again I—Dear me! I was in a devil of a fright. I began to think I was fairly taken in.

*Lady J.* So you were, and so shall I be, too,

Unless our frolic be approved by you. [*To audience.*]

THE END.







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